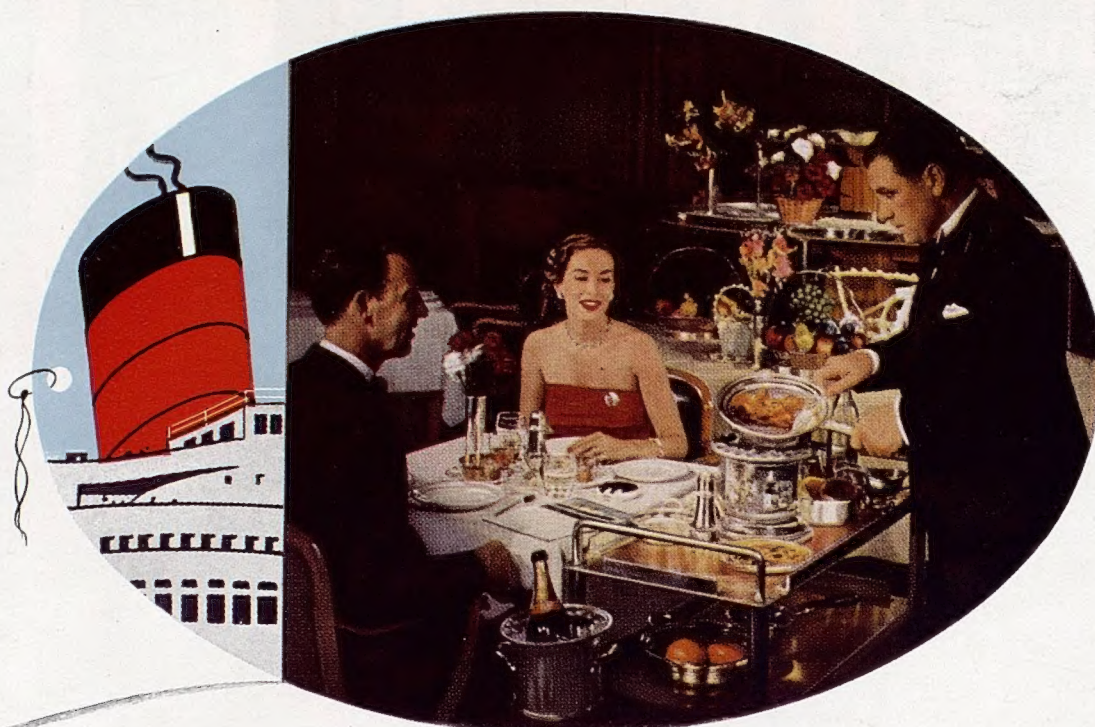


The TATLER

JULY 9, 1958

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D I A R Y of the week

FROM 10 JULY TO 16 JULY

SHE'S HAPPY because she's going away this weekend—and she has no cares about humping heavy luggage. Everything she's taking with her—bar the Borzoi—will fit into two small cases. See pages 78-83 for the clothes she's chosen. The dress she wears on this stroll in Green Park is of Tiecil (also available in combinations of snuff, green, and navy with white), and comes from Weatherall shops in London and leading agents throughout the country (18½ gns. the dress, 3 gns. the beret).

THURSDAY 10 JULY

Royal Engagements: The Queen gives an afternoon party in the garden of Buckingham Palace, and Prince Philip visits Brussels Exhibition.

Aviation: National Air Races (to 12th) at Baginton, near Coventry.

Racing: at Salisbury, Doncaster and Yarmouth.

FRIDAY 11 JULY

Royal Visit: The Queen Mother visits H.M.S. Ark Royal at Devonport.

Exhibition: The Royal College of Art Sculpture Exhibition at the Natural History Museum Gardens, South Kensington.

Athletics: The A.A.A. Championships (and 12th) at the White City, London.

SATURDAY 12 JULY

Royal Visit: Princess Margaret arrives in British Columbia for a two weeks visit, followed by ten days in other parts of Canada.

Polo: Semi-final of the Midhurst Town Cup at Cowdray Park.

Cricket: Oxford v. Cambridge at Lord's.

SUNDAY 13 JULY

Polo: Final of the Cowdray Park Gold Cup at Midhurst.

Fair: The Soho Fair opens (to 19th).

MONDAY 14 JULY

Racing: at Alexandra Park and Birmingham.

TUESDAY 15 JULY

Ballet: Grand Première of the Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Show: Peterborough Agricultural Show (to 17th).

Racing: Second July Meeting at Newmarket.

WEDNESDAY 16 JULY

Royal Visit: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visit the Peterborough Royal Foxhound Show.

Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's.

Garden Party: Annual garden party in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, at The Holme Regent's Park.

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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

L. CCXXIX. No. 2974

9 July 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

Canadian hostess

MRS. GEORGE DREW, wife of Canada's High Commissioner in Britain, will this evening entertain Princess Margaret at their residence in Upper Brook Street. The Princess leaves for a tour of the Drews' country on Friday. She could have no more experienced guides to Canadian life, for Lt.-Col. the Hon. George Drew, P.C., was for seven years Leader of the Opposition in the national Parliament, and was formerly Premier of Ontario.

Fiorenza Drew is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Johnson. An operatic singer, he was general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York for four years. His wife was the daughter of the Portuguese Viscount d' Arneiro. Mrs. Drew, born in Italy, studied singing in France and Germany.

Since she came to Britain last September, Mrs. Drew has given a series of parties for Canadian visitors. She is a vice-president of the Canadian Women's Club, and yesterday gave a reception for Canadian wives attending the garden party at Buckingham Palace later this week.

The Drews have a son, Edward, who is at McGill University, Montreal, and a daughter, Sandra, who is studying at home in London. Mrs. Drew speaks four languages fluently, enjoys all the arts and goes to the theatre and the opera as often as she can. But her chief recreation, which she shares with her husband, is sight-seeing. They are fascinated by the historical background of the places they visit in Britain.



Clayton Evans

Van Oss—Bazley

Miss Susan Antonia Bazley, daughter of the late Mr. A. G. Bazley & of Lady Howard of Penrith, married Mr. Peter Van Oss, son of the late Mr. T. Van Oss & of Mrs. A. L. Pears, Tollard Royal, Salisbury, at St. Nicholas' Church, Hatherop, Gloucestershire. The best man was Lt. M. Saunders and the attendants were Miss Helen Van Oss, the Hon. William Howard, Miss Virginia Bazley, the Hon. Timothy Hutchinson, Miss Favel Bevan, Miss Ann Harford, Christopher Smith and Miss Jane Collins

**Armstrong—Swan**

Miss Christina Anne Swan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Swan, Kenton Road, Gosforth, Newcastle, married Mr. Ian A. Armstrong, son of Mr. Archie Armstrong, Newminster Abbey House, Morpeth, Northumberland, at All Saints Church, Gosforth



Swinton-Wood

Parfitt—Gillow

Miss Kathleen Patricia Gillow, daughter of the late Mr. R. Gillow & of Mrs. Gillow, Carlisle, married Mr. Hugh Lawson Parfitt, younger son of Dr. & Mrs. D. N. Parfitt, Canford Cliffs, at Our Lady & St. Joseph's Church, Carlisle

**Gibbs—Bingham**

Lady Sarah Bingham, younger daughter of the Earl & Countess of Lucan, Hanover House, London, married Mr. William Gilbert Gibbs, younger son of the late Colonel & the late Mrs. Gibbs, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

**Clay—Maurice**

Miss Rosanagh Maurice, only daughter of Dr. & the Hon. Mrs. James Maurice, Isbury House, Marlborough, Wiltshire, and granddaughter of Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice, married Mr. John Peter Clay, son of Mr. H. P. Clay, New Barn House, Haywards Heath, and Mrs. M. D. Clay, West Wickham, at the Temple Church

**Sallitt—Goodlet**

Miss Angela Mary Goodlet, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. B. L. Goodlet, Essex Lodge, Quorn, married Mr. Timothy Baines Sallitt, son of Brig. & Mrs. W. B. Sallitt, The Walls, Hampton Court, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Quorn

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Lady Caroline's sparkling début

by JENNIFER

RAYNHAM HALL in Norfolk, the home of the Marquess & Marchioness Townshend, is one of the finest houses in England. Built by Inigo Jones and later decorated by Kent, it was the setting for the coming-out ball the Marchioness Townshend gave for their elder daughter Lady Caroline Townshend. A lovely girl, she stood, in a long-skirted white organza dress with touches of blue, with her parents receiving the guests.

The mellow red brick mansion was floodlit and on entering one immediately noticed the beauty of the white-walled baronial hall with its magnificent ceiling, which like all the rooms in the house, is well proportioned. Bowls of red and white roses were on both tables and a Roman marble bath at one end was filled with tall herbaceous flowers. More beautiful garden flowers were arranged throughout all the ground floor reception rooms, which were open for the evening. Two bands played for dancing which took place in the ballroom and, two rooms away, in one of the smaller drawing-rooms which had subdued lighting. As at the Duchess of Sutherland's dance at Sutton Place the previous week, there were plenty of graciously furnished rooms for sitting out where guests could also look at beautiful pictures.

Supper in the cellars

The Marchioness Townshend, attractive in a dress of printed grey chiffon over taffeta and a magnificent diamond tiara, is one of the most capable and efficient people I know.

She had organized everything beautifully, including a supper served in the newly painted white-walled cellars, which were lit by candles in amusingly shaped wine bottles on the little tables which were covered with red and white check cloths. The maids waiting (the regular staff at Raynham) wore Tyrolean costumes and a musician playing an accordion strolled among the tables.

The Marquess Townshend's mother, the Dowager Marchioness, was at the ball, and forty friends in the neighbourhood had house parties and put up young friends from London. Among these were the Earl & Countess of Leicester, whose party at the ball included their daughter Lady Carey Coke; Viscount & Viscountess Althorp, Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Mr. David Keith and his wife, who looked lovely in a full-skirted brown and white organza dress, Major Derek & the Hon. Mrs. Allhusen, Mr. & Mrs. William Forbes, Mr. & Mrs. William Foster, Major & Mrs. Robert Hoare, who are soon moving to Leicestershire where he has taken on the Mastership of the Cottesmore hounds, and Mr. Tim Barclay, who has succeeded him as Master of the West Norfolk hounds.

Other hosts and hostesses were Lord & Lady Somerleyton, whose son Capt. the Hon. Nicholas Crossley I saw dancing with his pretty bride who was Alexandra Welch, Mrs. Somerset de Chair, who has a lovely house in this part of the world, Lord & Lady Tollemache, who also have a beautiful home, and told me they had about 40 miles to drive after the ball, Sir Stephen & Lady Lycett Green, Lady Sylvia Combe, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Fellowes, Mrs. Ellis Thistleton-Smith and Mr. & Mrs. Guy Morton whose pretty auburn-haired daughter Lavinia was with them. She is just back from Paris and comes out next season.

Among the young people enjoying this lovely ball—many were



Mrs. Graham Nicoll, the hostess, with her daughter Elspeth. They live at Oakley Green, near Windsor



Miss Victoria Nicolson, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hugh MacDonald, and her brother Richard

An evening party

A débutante cocktail-dance in mid-week is much more popular with young men who are working than the usual débutante ball, which begins with a dinner party and ends in the not-so-early hours of the morning. So Mrs. Graham Nicoll's small cocktail-dance at 6 Belgrave Square for her daughter Elspeth proved a great success. It lasted from 7.30 p.m. to midnight, and there were about 150 guests. The girls were all in short cocktail dresses and the men in dinner jackets. Sherry, cocktails and soft

drinks were served as guests arrived and before they started dancing and dinner half-way through the evening. Elspeth, who looked nice in a printed dress, greeted her friends and introduced them all round. They included Miss Christine Pretymann, Lady Caroline Acheson, Mr. Nicholas Bolton, Miss Pauline Galligos, Miss Zandra Nowell and her fiancé Mr. Anthony Johnson, the Hon. Gail Mitchell-Thomson and her brother Malcolm, that fine rackets player Mr. Roddie Blomfield & Miss Celia Wenger



Miss Carolyn Kershaw comes from Gloucestershire, where she hunts with the Beaufort. With her is Lady Caroline Acheson, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gosford, and Mr. R. Murphy



Mr. John Cleave, who is reading engineering at Cambridge, Miss Sarah McCreery, daughter of General Sir Richard and Lady McCreery, and Miss Candy Seymour-Smith

A. V. Swaabe



Mrs. F. Thompson-Schwab (she was chairman of the ball), and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks

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The American-born Countess of Coventry with Lady Cohen whose husband is a barrister



Lady Malvina Murray (she breeds Spanish donkeys), and Mr. Glen-cross Gallagher



Lord George Scott and Mrs. Charles Sweeney



Mrs. P. Curtis-Bennett, with Col. Gray Horton

still dancing as I left at dawn—were Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard in white with touches of blue, Lady Davina Pepys in a white tulle crinoline with a black velvet ribbon through the skirt, Miss Alexandra Versen, Miss Harriet Nares, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor, Miss Eliane de Miramon, the Hon. Camilla Jessel, Mr. James & Mr. Ian Scott, Viscount Royston, Miss Sarah Bowater, Mr. George Earle, Mr. Harry Renwick, the Hon. David Verney dancing with Miss Georgina Ward, attractive in a blue and white print, Miss Lois Denny, Miss Christa Slater, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Mr. Jamie Judd, and Miss Caroline Butler.

After returning to London from this outstanding ball I flew over to Paris for the day, for the Grand Prix at Longchamp. I travelled comfortably both ways in one of B.E.A.'s Viscounts, arriving each time on schedule. Frankly it was a much less tiring journey than to Norfolk and back by rail, which though I went first-class was extremely cold and uncomfortable.

Paris fashions at the Paris races

Longchamp with its green, leafy setting was packed and the sun came out to add brilliance to the Paris fashions always displayed at this meeting. On the whole, they were attractive, and waists were more often defined than not. The most striking, though one could not say attractive, outfit there was a salmon pink silk sack cut low at the neck and a large hat to match, worn by the charming Mrs. Nigel Campbell, who was there with her husband. The Campbells have a charming house in Chester Square.

Paris was indeed gay that weekend. Many visitors had been to the Travellers' Ball on the Saturday night or to the party given by Leonora Corbett, whom I saw racing, and many were also going to the party being given by the Aly Khan on the night of the Grand Prix. The big race was won by M. Victor Lyon's San Roman ridden by Roger Poincelet, with M. Jean Stern's Pèpin le Bref second and M. Maurice Lehmann's Love Boy third. The second race proved one of the most exciting: after a desperate finish it was won by the Comtesse de Chambure's Torbella with the Aly Khan's Princess Lora and M. Victor Catan's Djélouba dead heating for second place. Among personalities of the French racing world I saw Baron Guy de Rothschild and his attractive wife, who wore a cream silk coat over her dress, Mme. Couturier (who has such a successful stud) looking

The British-American ball

I went to the Dorchester where the big ballroom was filled with more than 500 guests attending the British-American Ball in aid of British-American Associates. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks received the guests with Mrs. Thompson-Schwab, chairman of the ball, Mrs. Phyllis Murray vice-chairman, and Sir Archibald Gordon, chairman of the Associates. There were other diversions besides dancing—among them a lucky dip in the form of a tombola with some good prizes, and a fortune-teller who proved a great draw. Selling programmes in their picturesque costumes were the Pearly King and Queen of Hampstead, Mr. & Mrs. Bert Matthews, who made a goodwill tour of America in 1953.

Ambassador in London, who was over from Pakistan. Others I saw enjoying this gay meeting were Viscount Astor, Col. Jimmy Innes, Mrs. Peter Flower and her daughter Venetia, who are living in Paris where her husband Col. Peter Flower has an official appointment, Mr. & Mrs. Arpad Plesch, Mr. Alan Lillingstone who has a stud in Ireland and has been over in France this year learning more about French racing and studs, Mr. Garry Booth-Jones, Sir Humphrey Clarke, Lady Sudeley, Mrs. Tom Nickalls and Mrs. Mona Baring.

Before I left Paris I went into the Ritz Hotel where many visitors were staying, among them the Earl & Countess of Derby who were racing, and Mr. & Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar who were going to visit friends in the country for the night. Here I also met the Duque de Primo de Rivera on his way to Spain and later the South of France, Mr. André Badrutt on a visit to Paris from St. Moritz, and Mr. Hector Whistler, of the famous family of artists, who is exhibiting in the Salon.

The flowers were luminous

Back in London, I went to the dance given at the Hyde Park Hotel by the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher for her daughter Miss Alexandra Bridgewater and her cousin Miss Georgina Milner. The two girls looked enchanting in dresses identical but for their different colours. Alexandra, who is fair, willowy and pretty was in a long pale lily-of-the-valley green dress appliqué with a spray of trailing leaves down one side, and Georgina, dark and attractive, wore the same model in a lovely shade of pink. Both girls are extremely popular and a large number of their young friends came to the ball. Among members of the family I saw Lord & Lady Vivian and Nancy

A Life Guards wedding

Never have I seen a more perfect picture than that presented by Mr. Garry & the Hon. Mrs. Patterson after their marriage by the Bishop of Lincoln and Canon Sullivan. In brilliant sunshine they stood under the tall pillars on the steps of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, between a guard of honour of men of the Life Guards in their scarlet full dress uniform. The bride's retinue of four bridesmaids (the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Miss Jennifer Patterson, Miss Joanna Vanderfelt and Miss Patricia Barker) came into the picture too, in dresses of silk organza in four different colour-peashades, and carrying bouquets of sweet-peas.

The bride, the only daughter of the Lord Monson, & Bettie Lady Monson, was given away by her eldest brother Lord Monson. She looked radiant in a youthful and freshening dress of white embroidered muslin with short sleeves and a skirt falling into a train. Her long veil was held in place by a coronet of orange blossom, flown specially from Canada where Bettie Lady Monson, of fine home. It was a lovely service

with exceptionally beautiful music.

The bride's tall brother, the Hon. Jeremy Monson, was among the ushers, and her youngest brother the Hon. Anthony Monson came up from school for the occasion. Her sister-in-law, Lady Monson, was present, in a beige ensemble.

After the ceremony Bettie Lady Monson, who looked charming in a grey-and-white patterned taffeta dress and a little swathed turban, received the guests with the bridegroom's mother Mrs. W. N. Patterson at a small reception at the Dorchester. Owing to the sudden death of the bride's father from heart failure a few months ago it was a smaller and quieter wedding than originally planned, and only close friends and relations of both families were present. A number of them had come over from America. The bride chose a most original Wedgwood blue wedding cake. When she and the bridegroom had cut this there were no speeches, but the best man, Mr. Timothy Gooch (who, like the bridegroom, is in the Life Guards), asked everyone to join in drinking their health.



The bride and bridegroom, Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. W. G. Patterson. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Miss Jennifer Patterson, Miss Joanna Vanderfelt and Miss Patricia Barker

Lady Vivian, the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vivian, Lady Lycett Green, Mrs. David Lycett Green and Sir William Wrixon-Becher, who helped his good-looking wife to receive the guests. Everyone was sad that Mr. Peter Lycett Green, who is such a kind great-uncle to Alexandra and Georgina, was not well enough to come.

Besides the family other dinner party hostesses included the Countess of Onslow, Lady Worsley, who was in great form greeting many friends, Lady Anne Cowdray, Lady Anstruther Gough Calthorpe, Mrs. Alec Hambro, the Hon. Mrs. Pitman and Mr. Bill Akroyd. There was an excellent cabaret which received great applause. Afterwards the lights were lowered in the ballroom. This brought out the groups of flowers in startling beauty, for they were all white and sprayed with a special liquid to make them luminous.

The many young people present included Miss Julia Williamson, Miss Valerie Battine, Miss Christine Pretymann, Lady Christina Gathorne-Hardy, Mr. Colin Malcolmson, Mr. John Impey, the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Rosamund Hambro, Miss Carolyn Kershaw, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Annabel Carlile, Miss Penelope Graham, Miss Dominie Riley-Smith, Miss Diana Hall, Miss Sarah McCreery and Miss Tessa Prain.

The pages wore the kilt

I went for a short time to the Hyde Park Hotel for the reception after the marriage at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Mr. George Wiggin, elder son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Peter Wiggin, and Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas, only daughter of the late Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas & Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes. The bride's stepfather (who had given her away) and mother were receiving the guests with the bridegroom's parents. The bride looked pretty as she stood with the bridegroom greeting friends. She wore a beautiful dress of white tulle with a ruched bell skirt falling into a train, and her long tulle veil was held in place by a simple bandeau of white satin. Her two pages, Benjamin Wiggin and Charles Nettlefold, wore the kilt in shepherd's plaid tartan and the child bridesmaids Antonia Shankland, Diana Akers-Douglas, Tessa Nettlefold and Laura Sheffield, and one older bridesmaid Miss Sarah Wiggin, wore white organza dresses with azalea pink coronets to match their wide waistbands.

I met the bride's grandmother the Hon. Mrs. George Akers-Douglas, and her uncle and aunt Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Akers-Douglas. Also Lady Mount, Mrs. Bea Holcroft, Mrs. Barty King, the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, Mrs. David Lycett Green, Lady Smiley, Mrs. Bardo



Miss Anne Barker and Lady Malvina Murray



Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones and Miss Elizabeth Gott



Bettie Lady Monson, the bride's mother, her son Lord Monson, and Mrs. V. M. Patterson, the bridegroom's mother

Van Hallan

Wilkinson, the Hon. Mrs. George Sheffield, Miss Angela Courage, and Mr. Michael Wiggan who was best man to his brother.

I have just heard of a unique party which is to take place in famous Vintners' Hall, Upper Thames Street, between 5.30-7.30 p.m. on 15 July in aid of the St. Martin-in-the-Fields School for Girls National Appeal. This establishment, which is now a flourishing grammar school, badly needs new classrooms, laboratories and equipment. It was founded in 1699 to teach piety and sewing to little maids, and has close connections with the cities of London and of Westminster, and the Worshipful Company of Farriers has now adopted it. The Duke of Devonshire, himself a past Master of the Farriers, is Patron and will say a few words in support of the appeal.

Mme. Prunier, owner of the famous restaurant, will sell wines and spirits in aid of the appeal at retail prices at the party, and Piero Torres and his Spanish dancers will perform and Spanish guitarists will play from the gallery. The Master of the Farriers, Mr. John Stroud and members of this City company and other Livery companies will be present. Tickets for the party from Mr. Charles Scott Paton, 28a Thurlow Square, N.W.3.

A Crosby-style golf tournament

The Bowmaker £3,000 professional-amateur 36-hole stroke tournament at Sunningdale is becoming a social and popular two-day event. It is run on the lines of Bing Crosby's tournament in the United States and raises a splendid sum. The charities to benefit this year are the N.S.P.C.C., the National Playing Fields Association and the Golf Foundation.

Each professional partners two amateurs, one a good golfer and one usually renowned in some other sphere. The individual top prizes were shared by the two young Ryder Cup players, Peter Mills of Pinner Hill with 66, 63, and Bernard Hunt of Hartsbourne 62, 67. Mills was partnered by Mr. Teddy Lambton and the Oxford blue Mr. Peter Mills. Hunt's partners were the brilliant amateur Mr. Michael Bonallack and the clever novelist Mr. Ian Fleming.

Others playing in the tournament were Lord Brabazon of Tara, whose original partner Henry Cotton had to scratch owing to a slight injury, so he played with N. von Nida, Brig. W. L. Steele and Mr. Richard Sharples, M.P., who were J. Fallon's partners, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald of last year's winning trio, a beautiful player, who partnered Arthur Lees, Sir John Musker who came in third partnering Syd Scott, and Count Paul Munster who played very well with Bobbie Locke. T. Haliburton had that good golfer Mr. Dalton Henderson (who is largely responsible for this enjoyable tournament) and Lord Broughshane as his two amateur partners, and the Earl of Hardwicke was one of F. Van Donck's trio. Among the spectators were the Countess of Munster, Sir Philip Dunn, Lady Musker and Mrs. Dalton Henderson.

The new, topical and slick revue *For Adults Only* at the Strand Theatre had a splendid reception on the opening night, and I left having thoroughly enjoyed a light and gay performance. In the audience I saw Robert Morley and Mr. Robin Fox who have both been partly responsible for presenting the show, and Mr. Peter Myers who devised and wrote it with Mr. Alec Grahame. Mr. Myers rather startled the audience when he took his seat in the stalls wearing a bright cherry-red velvet smoking jacket with black facings and a black and white bow tie! Sir Archibald & Lady McIndoe were in the stalls; also Viscount Ednam, Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis, and Sir Simon & Lady Marks, accompanied by two American friends.

A christening without tears

Alasdair John Munro Hopkinson, the infant son of the Hon. Nicholas & Mrs. Hopkinson, went through his christening by the Rev. G. Tuckermann at Chelsea Old Church without a whimper. His godparents are Mrs. David Russell who held the baby, Mr. Lionel Walker-Munro, and Mr. Alan Macintosh. After the ceremony the parents gave a little christening party at their charming new home in Ormonde Gate, when Mr. Alan Macintosh proposed his godson's health and happiness. Among those present were the baby's grandparents Sir Torquil & Lady Munro, his great-grandmother Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, Mrs. Francis Hopkinson, Col. & Mrs. John Hopkinson, and their daughter Miss Marika Hopkinson and her fiancé Mr. Robin Hanbury-Tenison, Mr. & Mrs. Alasdair Munro on their way back to the U.S. after a business trip to Switzerland and a short stay in this country, Mr. Jamie Munro, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Walker-Munro and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch.



D. R. Stue

GOLF CHAMPIONS The English women's golf team won the Home International championship of 1958 at Hunstanton. The team was: (back row) Mrs. Jean Hetherington, Miss Jeanne Bisgood, Mrs. Sutherland Pilch (non-playing captain), Mrs. Angela Bonallack, Mrs. Marley Spearman; (sitting) Miss Elizabeth Price, Mrs. Ann Howard, Miss Bridget Jackson and Miss M. Nichol



SOHO SQUIRE Mr. Charles Forte, the restaurateur, is chairman of next week's Soho fair. He is one of the biggest property-owners in Soho. Mr. Forte, photographed in his West End office, has three daughters and a son. He is an art collector—the water-colour behind him, one of his favourites, is a Roman scene by the 19th-century English artist, J. Duffield Harding—and he has arranged an art exhibition to coincide with the fair



NEWS PORTRAITS



A DUKE SEES HIS HEIRLOOMS SOLD TO PAY TAXES

In the sale-room of Christie's, the Duke of Devonshire (*at back, far left, holding book*) saw some of the treasures from Chatsworth, his family seat, being auctioned. He was selling silver, furniture, paintings and books to help pay the enormous death duties of his father, the 10th Duke. The first day's sale, of silver, realized nearly £37,000, which included £7,000 for a Louis XIV silver-gilt toilet set. Pictures from Chatsworth fetched almost £50,000 on the second day. A Van Dyck was bought for 5,500 guineas. At the furniture sale more than £36,000 was raised. Among the items was a George II walnut suite of eight pieces, which was bought back for 6,200 guineas for a member of the family. Books from Chatsworth fetched more than £100,000

*A lakeside township
with Byzantine ruins, gaunt scenery,
grilled, freshly-caught fish and
world-known furriers' workshops is the
second in this series of places
too remote to become resorts*

YOU'LL NEVER REACH HERE — 2

Mink in Macedonia

by NIGEL BUXTON

ARDENT students of Byzantine architecture may know Kastoria. Some members of the fur trade, too, have been there, and I am told that stray vehicles from overland excursions between England and Asia have also appeared in the vicinity from time to time. But Kastoria is not easily discovered.

Even when it is marked on the map one usually needs a magnifying glass to read the name. But if you go some 300 miles as the

the Great. From there a train leaves at seven in the morning for Kozani, and from that village a bus carried me, and two Greek army officers, and many assorted peasants on the last three hours of the tortuous, bone-shaking journey. Kastoria is hardly a proposition for the weekend.

Whichever way you go, Kastoria appears as a surprise. No matter what route you take, your first sight of the place is almost a

the river Zhelova from the north and the streams that flow in spring from the melting snows on the limestone mountains that shut it in. The mountains themselves are almost entirely bare, even in early summer; but close to the water there are narrow areas of fertile land that sustain a few animals and provide room for a few fields where women work in black dresses, even on the hottest days, to coax maize and vegetables from the light soil.

Because it is so far from anywhere, so detached, one wonders what Kastoria is doing there at all. The peninsula itself provides the most plausible answer. When battles depended on hand-to-hand fighting the position must have been fairly easy to defend. In a land that was invaded repeatedly by Goths, Avars, Slavs, Saracens and Normans, the rising ground at the end of the narrow causeway must have offered a natural stronghold.

And the history of the place—such as it is—supports the obvious theory. If Kastoria is rightly identified with the ancient Celestrum, Sulpicius was obliged to besiege it (successfully) in B.C. 200 during the first Macedonian campaign. Bryennius defended it (also successfully) against Alexis I in 1084. As if it mattered! The only remains of Kastoria's past that are likely to interest a visitor today are some of the Byzantine churches and the curious, half-timbered, 18th-century houses. There's not a guide book in existence that—monumentally speaking—gives it more than a passing glance.

"The livelihood of the inhabitants depended mainly on fish and fur. . . ." The schoolboy cliché about early settlers on the Atlantic coasts of north America is equally useful in a description of Kastoria. From all over the world the clippings and trimmings from furriers' workrooms are sent to this township in the lake. With artistry and skill they are then fashioned into garments that appear to all but expert eyes to have been made from whole skins. It is odd to see fur coats in windows that look out on such unpretentious streets. You don't expect mink in Macedonia.

The finished furs are exported. The fish are not. Taken from the lake by the fishermen in their rugged, strictly functional boats, they supply the main dishes in the equally functional restaurants of the town. You choose your fish before it is dealt with

crow flies northwest from Athens, or 150 miles as the country bus goes roughly—very roughly—south of west from the capital of Macedonia, you would be about there.

I went the easy way. I took a plane from Athens, and we flew out over the fields of poppies; over the thin white roads; over a hundred islands in the blue sea, until we saw the snow on Olympus and landed near the city that is called Salonica by some, and Thessaloniki by those who remember that it took its name from the sister of Alexander

"Rugged, strictly functional boats" like this one are used by the local fishermen on the lake

bird's eye view. After miles of rather monotonous country (not without grandeur, but with so much of it, so many gaunt, eroded hills that are all so similar) you round a turn in the pot-holed road, and there it lies beneath you—a curious collection of ancient and modern clustered on a peninsula in a lake.

It is a large lake, six kilometres long and nearly five kilometres wide. Its affluents are





"A curious cluster of ancient and modern on a peninsula"

KASTORIA (above) lies on a peninsula which juts out on a lake. The town is a mixture of ancient and modern buildings. The Byzantine architecture, of which the building below is an example, has remained well-preserved

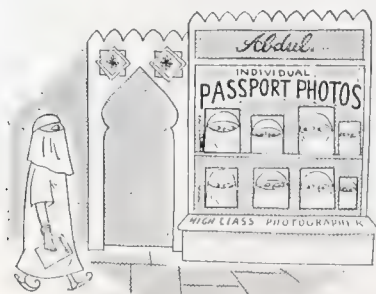
over an open charcoal fire. You do this not as part of a tourist game but because it is the custom—the most sensible thing to do. There are no sofa-seats, potted creepers, or sinuous waiters in the restaurants of Kastoria.

There are no night clubs either. There is, however, a cinema. The cashier is also the usherette. The manager is also—or was when I was there—the projectionist, and the seating is much the same as we have in our local (heart of Sussex) village hall. The show does not start until everyone appears to have arrived. There are intervals for

changing reels and buying bags of nuts, and a draught comes up through the floor.

Of all other artificial amusements Kastoria is agreeably free. Unless you are a member of the fur trade, or a student of things Byzantine with time to spend and extraordinary zeal, you do not go there to do anything in particular. The isolation seems temporal as well as geographical. There is a timelessness about the place that can bring quiet to a restless spirit; a lack of consequence that is also peace. There beside the lake, lazing beneath the trees on a sunny afternoon, one becomes part of a rare calm. The ducks quack softly, paddling among the reeds. A donkey with a load of twigs goes softly by. A carpet-seller half-heartedly cries his wares. (To whom? To you? To the boy in charge of the donkey? There is no one else in sight.)

You walk beside the lake, away from the town, to the old monastery of Mavrolissa. You stand on the terrace as the sun goes down and the far shore becomes one with the dark outline of the hills. You think that if anyone in England ever missed you they would never—not in a hundred years—think of looking for you here.





Love in a good family

The Roundabout commentary this week is a dissection
of a piece of Victorian fiction
—by a twentieth-century best-seller

by STELLA GIBBONS

THE ROUNABOUT COMMENTARY
IS CONTRIBUTED BY LEADING
WRITERS & PERSONALITIES.
AMONG THIS YEAR'S AUTHORS:

Robert Morley

T. E. B. Clarke

Claud Cockburn

Michael Pertwee

William Douglas-Home

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Caryl Brahms

Denzil Batchelor

Michael Wharton

John Metcalf

Wynford Vaughan Thomas

Monja Danischewsky

NEXT WEEK: *L. Dudley Stamp*
professor at London University

PERHAPS you could not strictly describe Mrs. Hungerford, whose novels were appearing between the 1860s and the early 1900s, as an engaged writer; she was twice married, though, and she always saw to it that her heroines got engaged at the end of Volume Three. As for the social aspects of the contemporary scene, you could say with justice and truth that she was engaged with nothing else.

Of course, she wasn't a lady, poor little thing, thought Sir Rawdon Dare, hero of a short story in a volume by Mrs. Hungerford called *A Maiden All Forlorn** (my copy is dated, in spidery writing, August, 1893, and it belonged to Grace Massey). Sir Rawdon had been thrown from his horse in the Row and "conveyed by a dozen rough but kindly hands to the nearest hospital," where he was put in charge of Nurse Eva. He is troubled by her apparent refinement: "With those little white slender hands to be a nurse!" And when you remember Mrs. Gamp, it does make you think.

Brooding brings on delirium again, but "You must expect these little relapses for a while," says the house surgeon, taking advantage of Nurse Eva's ambiguous class to pat her on the shoulder. He had first come on Sir Rawdon while he was passing through the hall, and cast "a sharp glance

at the unsightly object lying on the bench," where the rough but kindly hands had slung him. "Send for the matron," he commands. She comes up at the double. "See what has happened," he says.

"An accident," says the matron, getting to the root of the matter in one go, and "stooping over the prostrate baronet."

"There is," says Mrs. Hungerford, who usually writes in the present tense to add drama to situations which don't really need any more, "a good deal of kindly interest" in her expression as she looks at Sir Rawdon's "poor crushed figure," but "she would have looked just as kindly at him had he been the veriest beggar that crawls in our streets." (That's all right; we were only wondering.

Well, they get him into a private ward, and he falls in love with Sister Eva. As he recovers, he becomes touchy and ungrateful ("I am sick of coddling and physic") and then he starts pumping her about her second name, for "It has tormented him inconceivably in his sick moments to think it might be Smith or Jones."

But—"I have no other name," she said icily, and he is horror-stricken at his mistake, assuming that the poor girl was born on the wrong side of the blanket.

After a bitter struggle between his love and his pride "what had he been about to do? To tell this nameless girl, this worse-than-nameless girl who was ashamed to declare aloud her honest appellation—that

*Irish-born Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, née Hamilton, (1855?—1897), wrote more than 30 novels, including *Molly Bawn*. Her pseudonym was The Duchess.



BRIGGS

by Graham

he loved her! He; a Dare, and the head of his house!"

Love wins, but when he comes actually to declare himself, family pride causes him to make a slight but fatal pause before uttering the words, and Nurse Eva notices his hesitation.

Off she flies, like a spirited filly before the wind, and he sees her no more. Her place is taken by a probationer, "a young woman with pale eyes and a snub nose." He had seen her before, and "amused himself at odd moments counting the number of aspirates she could drop in half an hour."

This chivalrous pastime is interrupted by his discharge from hospital and his return to the great world. His attempts to trace Sister Eva have been baffled by the house-surgeon, who tells him that she has gone on holiday, "a run down to Putney or somewhere." Eighteen months later, Sir Rawdon finds himself at a country house in Scotland, in "the soft brilliant warmth of a huge hall, hung with many skins and bristling with antlers;" the guests are drinking tea "more or less in the reposeful attitudes that border upon sleep. There is a soft, sweet, subdued hum of slumbrous voices, a tender tinkling of delicate china, the music of many spoons."

"The divan lounges," Mrs. Hungerford continues, evidently with Balmoral in mind, "are covered with tartan and so are a good many of the men, and only a few of them have their nether limbs covered." (She means that they were wearing the kilt.)

But Sir Rawdon is still spoons on Nurse Eva. And there in a corner, assisted by a satin and old-lace teagown, mittens, and a huge white fan, is the beautiful Miss Evelyn Monteith, who has been mysteriously absent from Society for three years, no one knows where. She ran away because her horrid father (named by his parents, with surprising and surely rather cramping foresight, Sir Pagan Monteith) wanted her to marry some unsuitable old earl.

But she cannot forgive that fatal slight pause made by Sir Rawdon when she was "a mere nurse, unknown and obscure," and for several days they drift about the huge, warm, spoon-tinkling house, beautifully dressed, exchanging dreamy, haughty, terribly mournful glances (*I think this is the most enjoyable kind of love-affair to have*) and filling up time with dancing and the lightest of teasing gossip.

Then comes the morning of the fancy-dress ball.

"One gets so tired of the art rags," says Lady Dalruth (*one does indeed; my comment, and plenty more where that came from*) and she admits that she has not slept for a fortnight, worrying about what Evelyn shall wear.

"Why not try the dress of a hospital nurse?" asks Sir Rawdon ("pale but smiling"), and after that the scissors are well in the sterilizer, and they have things out in the library; fatal pause, indignation on her part, his remorse, and *everything*.

And it all comes right in the end!

"You are a special pleader," whispers she; and then she makes him a present of a little arch smile, and a tender glance from under her drenched lashes."

Engaged or fancy-free, it would be a daring writer indeed who could put that down on paper in 1958.



Alan Vines

DIPLOMA DAY

at a London art school

Scrolls in hand, six students from five nations congratulate each other after the prizegiving at the Central School of Arts & Crafts. Left to right: Siddick Nigomi (pottery), from the Sudan; Miss Pansy Cheung (interior designing), Hong Kong; Miss Jennifer Lowndes (printed textiles), Britain; (in sari) Mrs. Prem Lata (mural painting), Delhi; Miss Vilma Verdes (publicity), Goa; and Brian Little (publicity), Britain. The costume on the right was designed by an evening class student for The Importance of Being Earnest



Miss S. Harker, who has been joint-master of the Norwich Staghounds for many years

The Royal Norfolk Show

The Royal Norfolk Show was held in Norwich. Right: the Parade of All Heavy Horses in the Grand Ring



Mr. & Mrs. J. Bloom. He is an East Anglian owner-rider in point-to-points



The Earl & Countess of Leicester. Lord Leicester was president of the show



Mr. & Mrs. Clifford King. Mr. King is the Sheriff of Norwich

Desmond O'Neill

STOKES JOKES

- 1



Oxford's Magdalen celebrates its fifth century



Magdalen College ended the term with a quinqucentenary ball. Above: Mr. & Mrs. H. C. F. Lansberry. He is studying at Magdalen



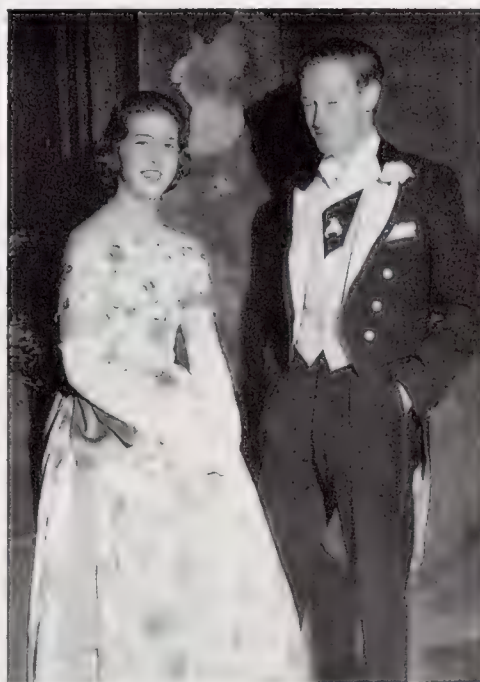
The ball was one of the largest ever held in Oxford. Above: Miss Nicola Henderson and Mr. P. Carthew.



Above: Mr. R. A. Stumbles (St. Peter's Hall), Miss Judy Houghton, Miss Margaret Heath and Mr. B. J. Hawkes (St. Peter's Hall). Below: Magdalen tower was floodlit for the event



Mr. J. Emerson, of Magdalen, and Miss R. Clarke



Mr. D. Lyon, secretary of the ball committee, with Miss Nicola Bland





M. & Mme. JACQUES

MONSIEUR JACQUES, who runs a small but perfect restaurant in Montparnasse, had always promised me a morning in his kitchens. So, the last time I was in Paris, I took him up on it, determined to probe for myself some of the *mystique* of great French cooking.

Why is French food, in just this sort of little restaurant—beloved by a regular *clientèle* of diplomats, politicians and writers—so perfect? I began to understand one reason when M. Jacques told me that he had “done his time,” before World War One with Escoffier. But perhaps a more important one is that he has run his present establishment since 1928 as much for pleasure as for business; and you must truly love being cook, host and restaurateur in order to do it so well.

He has only a tiny, panelled bar and a dozen tables; serves about thirty “couverts” a day. “I would not want any more,” he told me, “For then I should not be able to do all the cooking myself, and it could never be the same thing.”

His five-foot square kitchen is canopied with copper saucepans, each of which is kept for something special: notably the sacred omelette pan which—as all good cooks would know—is cleaned with an oiled paper and nothing else (ever). From the walls hang a variety of hair sieves, cone-shaped strainers, and old-fashioned wire egg beaters: not a mixer or a gadget in sight.

Apart from the refrigerator—which M. Jacques uses strictly to preserve food, and never to harden the butter or freeze asparagus to icicles—the only labour-saving device I could see was the small machine which Madame uses for making noodles (*see recipe on this page*). But she was quick to demonstrate just how easily noodles could also be prepared with a sharp knife and nimble fingers.

Nor, in this kitchen, do there exist any such short cuts as thickening (flour is used only for pastry and pastas), gelatine, or—and Jacques threw up his hands in horror at any such idea—bottles or tins of anything.

Instead, he led me over to his cooking-range and proudly indicated the bubbling stockpot which is the basis of all French cooking.

Pigs’ feet, bones and knuckle of veal are all baked in a covered casserole and constantly added to. From the *fond de veau* which forms a solid jelly as it cools, he makes his delicious *oeufs en gelée*, chicken in

aspic, and numerous sauces for steak, veal and poultry (*see recipes*).

He also had, boiling up, a pot of fish *bouillon*: that is, fish heads and bones, a bay leaf, carrots and onions which are renewed with water and allowed to simmer



in the same way. This, with the addition of cream and sometimes mushrooms, tarragon and prawns, is the basis of all his fish dishes.

French cuisine may be extravagant on the cream and brandy side, but it is remarkably

thrifty and everything else and nothing in the way of heads, feet or “insides” is ever wasted.

At noon, when I came to see him, the luncheon trade had not yet started, and Jacques cooks nothing until it is ordered. It is, properly, the customer who waits for half an hour—drinking at the bar and nibbling a piece of garlic sausage—not his food. And, fortunately for the national cuisine, the Frenchman does not rate speed highly in his set of values.

All French restaurants have their *spécialité de la maison*, and one of Jacques’ are the *ramequins*. These are little cheese *soufflés* baked in a pastry case. I have tried out his recipe, and found it not so difficult as the results might lead you to expect.

Later on, as the orders were coming in, I watched him cook a veal chop, and learned the useful tip of adding a small wine-glassful of water to the pan, once the chops were

RECIPES CHEZ JACQUES

RAMEQUINS AU GRUYÈRE

Pastry: Proportions of three-quarters of a unit of butter to a whole unit of flour (a large breakfast cup does well for eight ramequins). Mix quickly with half a wine-glassful of water and leave in a cool place. Roll the pastry to a thickness of half a crown, and line deepish individual pâté tins with it. In order to keep the shape of the tartlets, you can fill them with dried beans while they cook until firm, but *not* coloured. Leave to cool for 15 minutes. Now fill them with the following mixture:

Four ounces of grated Gruyère cheese, one whole egg, two tablespoonsful of double cream, salt and freshly milled pepper. Mix well to a smooth, stiff paste, cook in the pastry cases in a hot oven for 15 minutes until they have risen into little brown *soufflés*, and eat immediately.

NOODLES

Two and a half pounds of flour, 12 egg yolks and three whites. Work the mixture firmly

together, then roll out to the thickness of a shilling. Leave for five minutes to harden and dry. Then flour the surface lightly, and make a flattened roll, flouring each succeeding surface (rather like a Swiss roll). Cut into narrow strips with a sharp knife. They can be stored for several weeks in a covered jar but are at their best when boiled straight away in fast boiling water for three minutes. Toss them in butter and Parmesan, or use them as an accompaniment to veal chops or a roast of baby lamb.

SAUCE BORDELAISE

Pour a large glass of red wine and four finely chopped shallots into a heavy saucepan, and cook it until the volume is reduced by half. Add two tablespoonsful of the *fond de veau* jelly, and cook it again until that, too, has reduced. Now take it away from the fire, and add two teaspoonsful of butter, pepper and salt. This is an excellent sauce to serve with steak.



beginning to brown in the hot butter. He then covered the pan, turned the flame right down, and let them simmer gently for ten minutes: at the end of which time, they had produced a wonderful natural sauce. All he added finally was a pinch of salt and pepper and a knob of butter. No wine, no herbs and no lemon juice—"Rien du tout," he said firmly as he dished them up with fresh hot noodles. And how right he was was proved in the tasting. Exacting and complicated in some ways, French food is sometimes baffling in its simplicity.

But perhaps Jacques' greatest *tour de force* is his own *pâté de foie gras*: "Anyone can get it out of a tin," he said scornfully, as he came bobbing out of the kitchen with a plateful of the best *pâté* I have ever tasted.

He gave me a lovingly detailed *exposé* of its preparation. It takes two hours to remove the veins from the goose livers, which are then soaked for a further 12 in port wine, and given an odd jab with a



hypodermic (also full of port) to keep the flavour. They are then poached in chicken stock, squeezed in a muslin bag and finally stuffed with truffles. This, I could see, was a labour of sheer devotion as well as skill. I

asked him what he thought were the qualities of a great chef.

He pondered: "*C'est un question d'amour de métier, d'être artiste—et de goût.*"

"Artistry, love of cooking and taste, yes—but what about all the hard work," I persisted, thinking not only of the *pâté*. "Surely you would include that?"

He shook his head: "I could not agree. For me the work is not hard, because I love it."

If, for you, no food on earth could be worth the trouble that the great French chefs are prepared to take—there you have one of the basic differences between the French way of thinking and most other people's. For them cooking is an art, not an expedient—and you might as well ask a playwright to cut his second act as ask any Frenchman to omit one detail of his culinary ritual.

That is the reason why their cuisine is still celebrated throughout the world—and more cherished than ever, perhaps, in these days of pre-mix, deep-freeze and automation.



Officers of an Army H.Q. in Malaya

This picture of the H.Q. officers of 17 Gurkha Division was taken at Seremban, Malaya, before Maj.-Gen. R. N. Anderson left for England. General Anderson has become Director of Personnel Administration at the War Office. The 17 Gurkha Division is descended from 17 Indian Division which was so successful during the Burma campaign. It has been on active service without a break since the start of the emergency in Malaya some ten years ago.

Key: (standing)—Capt. J. A. Mangion, R.E.; Capt. J. P. Cross, 7 G.R.; Capt. A. H. Yates, 7 G.R.; Lt. J. B. B. Clee, 6 G.R.; Capt. F. St. J. Dwight, Cheshire Regt.; Capt. M. C. Furney, 7 G.R.; Capt. R. K. Burnand, R.A.

(Middle row)—Capt. P. McLaughlin, R.E.; Major C. M. A. R. Roberts, M.C., 10 G.R.; Major A. T. Shelland, M.B.E., R.E.; Major P. H. Flear, R. Sigs.; Major G. S. Hatch, R.A.; Major J. Blackstock, R. Warwicks; Major P. R. Harvey, R.E.; Major R. A. H. Beaman, King's Own; Major A. J. Stead, M.B.E., King's Own.

(Sitting)—Major H. J. Evans, M.B.E., 2 G.R.; Col. J. D. F. Curling, O.B.E.; Lt.-Col. O. H. J. Foster, R.B.; Brig. G. E. Peck, D.S.O.; Maj.-Gen. R. N. Anderson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.; Brig. J. H. Cubbon, C.B.E.; Lt.-Col. S. C. Chambers, M.B.E., R.E.; Lt.-Col. A. M. Cooper, O.B.E., F.W.O. Regt. of Yorks; Major J. M. Evans, M.C., 1 O.G.R.

The Editor is always glad to consider for publication similar group pictures of clubs, services, teams, &c



Contemporary laundry blues

*I am frustrated, it's a shame!
I skiffle well, but Mum's to blame
Because just now I cannot play . . .
Alas, 'tis washing day!*

Leslie M. Oylor



Mr. D. Higham and Miss Wendy Raphael.
She has just returned from Australia



Mr. Jeremy Bradford, with Miss Françoise
Bogarts and Miss Martine Bogarts



The Hon. Robert & Lady Mary Biddulph, Lady Elizabeth
Maitland, Mr. P. French Davis and Viscountess Maitland

A countess gives a party for her granddaughters

A. V. Swaabe



Jennifer writes: Lady Anne Maitland and her cousin the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew (left) stood with their grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale, receiving the guests at the lovely ball she gave for them at Hurlingham Club. Viscountess Maitland and Lady Carew were in the ballroom looking after the guests. Other members of the family I saw were Anne's eldest sister Lady Mary Biddulph, wearing her wedding dress and a lovely diamond tiara, and dancing with her husband the Hon. Robert Biddulph; also their youngest sister Lady Elizabeth Maitland, who looked sweet in blue. I met Lord & Lady Forester and their daughter the Hon. Mrs. Robin Hill, another young married who looked lovely in midnight blue with a magnificent diamond tiara. Lord & Lady Biddulph were there and I met the Earl & Countess of Mexborough who gave a dinner party, as did Sir Dennis & the Hon. Lady Stucley, Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson, Sir Gordon & Lady Vereker, the Hon. Mrs. Eyre, Brig. & Mrs. Derek Schreiber, Commander & Mrs. Bryan Durant and Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael.

Like so many evenings this summer it was raining, so guests could not stroll about the floodlit grounds at Hurlingham (though, as I left, I did see one intrepid couple slowly walking about under a large umbrella!). Hence the ballroom was perhaps gayner than usual and always full of energetic young dancers. Among those I noticed were the clever young portrait-painter Mr. Douglas Anderson, Miss Dorothy Eyre, Miss Gay & Miss Melanie Lowson, Miss Jane Durant, Lady Serena Dundas, in a long printed dress, the Duke of Atholl, the Hon. Annabel Hawke dancing with Mr. Oppenheimer, Lady Anne Savile and her brother the Hon. Anthony Savile, Mr. Johnny Loëb from New York (who has quickly made a host of friends over here), Lord Bingham, Miss Ann Walker, Miss Miranda Smiley in white, Lord Valentine Thynne, Miss Miranda Burke, pretty in blue, Mr. John Smiley, Mlle. Anne de Steensen-Leth, Mr. Richard Nicholson, who is in the 16/5th Lancers, Miss Zia Foxwell, Mr. Anthony Snow and Miss Felicity Wagg, whom I met with her father Mr. Edward Wagg. She was off to Scotland next day where her aunt, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, was to present her at Holyrood.



Miss Vivienne Keane, daughter of Sir Richard & Lady Keane, and Miss Marietta Grazebrook, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. W. Grazebrook. The dance was given for them at Leith Hill Place, Dorking



A calypso band played for guests dancing on a miniature floor under the floodlit trees on the lawn



Lady Keane with her husband, Sir Richard Keane, and Mr. E. W. Grazebrook. Mrs. Grazebrook was unable to attend as she was ill
Mr. D. Galloway and Mrs. Merrick Beebee (her husband is in the Foreign Office) with Lady Wedgwood, in whose home the party was given

Two girls share a coming-out



Miss Caroline Everett with Mr. Bill Richardson, who is a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery



Mr. Martin Wedgwood, son of Sir John & Lady Wedgwood, with Miss Annette Bradshaw



Van Hallan

Mr. William Pryor, Miss Caroline Beebee, Miss Clare Charrington, Miss Marianna Peake and Mr. Nicholas Carr-Saunders



Herr Karl Kling, the Mercedes driver, in a 3-litre Mercedes-Benz. With him is Mr. W. F. Robinow, of the firm



Mr. P. J. E. Binns (below) drove a 1929 Riley. This car had many successes at Brooklands before the war



Mr. D. H. Gahagan in his 1926 Grand Prix Bugatti which he drove in a 5-lap handicap race

Mr. David Allen (left) and Mr. M. Vaughan, owners of the A.C.-Nash, A.C.-engined sprint car, with Mrs. D. E. Geoghegan. The A.C.-Nash was raced at Brooklands in the 1930s



Mr. M. C. S. Barnard seen in his 1929 1-litre Riley in the marshalling paddock. Note the modified front suspension





THE
TATLER

At Oulton Park's vintage-car races

The Vintage Sports Car Club held a meeting at Oulton Park in Cheshire. Thirty-one cars were entered in the main event—the race for the Richard Seaman memorial trophies for historic and vintage racing cars. Left: Three Bentleys at the start of the second event, a 5-lap scratch race

Mr. A. J. Gibbons, the timekeeper, with Mr. J. P. Gray, the deputy chief marshal



Antiques of the Daimler Motor Company restored this Daimler. Driven by one of them, Mr. J. S. Box; it won the Concours d'Elegance



Lord Dunleath won the first race—a five-lap handicap—in his 1936 Lagonda

Van Hallan



THEATRE

No respect for reputations!

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

SHARP SATIRE on the entertainment world is the aim of *For Adults Only*. Hugh Paddick and Patricia Lancaster (above) come gaily in with their microphones to give a fulsome B.B.C. commentary on the fall of Gomorrah; Miriam Karlin as a foreign maidservant reclines sleekly on the sofa watching her mistress do the chores; and Ron Moody and Louise Ramsey are characters in a home-brewed amateur musical in the *Oklahoma!* tradition

THE revue that surveys mankind from China to Peru and blisters the spectacle with its wit has yet to appear; and the audience that would revel in the wit if it ever did appear has yet to be satisfactorily imagined. *For Adults Only* at the Strand sticks to the world of entertainment, cheerfully taking the risk of being written off as parochial.

The risk is not so great as some people like to pretend. It is astonishing how well revue-goers know this world, and they find, apparently, perennial fascination in its personalities and features. Hardly an actor or play in London or any radio or television programme comes unscathed out of this revue. Yet every thrust seems to slide hurtfully home on a spontaneous burst of jolly laughter.

We are a funny lot, we revue-goers, and if it is surprising how many things interest us vividly it is not less surprising how many things do not interest us at all. An Evelyn Waugh may have his public, or a Harold Macmillan his, but the one is a literary and the other a political bloke, and neither seems to mean anything to us as revue-goers. Mention of their names simply creates an uneasy feeling that probably we shall not see the point of the joke that is about to be made. But the highly esoteric Mr. T. S. Eliot, in virtue of his having written plays, is one of us. The announcement that we are to be shown how he and Sir Alan Herbert, also one of us, might collaborate in an adaptation of *East Lynne* makes us sit up in gleeful anticipation of seeing the great man cruelly mocked. The more we respect our heroes, the more savagely do we expect a revue to treat them, and the old lady, who tells her companion as they come elatedly out of *At The Drop Of A Hat*, "I told you that you would never appreciate Joyce Grenfell till she had grown a beard," is knocking down two birds with one stone much to our satisfaction.

If we are to be entertained by general ideas a single mind—the mind of a young Mr. Noël Coward or a Herbert Farjeon—must have placed its hallmark on them. Mr. Peter Myers and Mr. Alec Grahame are mighty fine fellows—as the success of their previous revue *For Amusement Only* handsomely attested—but they have no pretensions to this kind of individuality. They do well, accordingly, to run alertly through the gossip columns dealing with entertainers and entertainments and pick out for treatment items that strike them as particularly absurd.

It is always important to open the show with a bold flourish of originality. The authors get round this difficulty by raising the curtain on an empty stage with members of the company coming in, one by one, in various stages of making up and dressing, breathlessly to make the point that parking restrictions make it almost impossible to get to any theatre in time.



Barry Took makes devastating fun of the hit parade

They are soon slogging in to the Royal Court Theatre where the faithful care so much about *outré* ideas that they fight about them in the tavern next door, having taken the precaution to invite the press to look on. All the authors in this theatre, it appears, are expected to be terribly rude to God in a nice undergraduate way, and the most socially angry of the authors already has reached the

point which Shaw reached in his old age of fearing that he is being ruined by super-tax. Dylan Thomas wearing his heavenly halo watches from a cloud that queer mixed-up kid, Emyln Williams, dressed up as Dickens to recite his dead compatriot's prose sketches. A suburban family resolved to switch off the television one night a week try to remember what they used to do in the prehistoric times. They used to eat in the dining-room—and off a table; they used to sit in front of the fire, they used even to talk. They try to do as they used to do, but they have altogether lost the trick, and the evening ends in an angry fracas.

One big set-piece celebrates the never-say-die spirit which the British film musical, mainly Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert and all that, have put up against the crush and come again American musical; and another, a great deal more laughable, shows an intrepid British amateur operatic society reviving *Oklahoma!* Perhaps the best thing in the way of theatrical satire is Mr. Ron Moody, tremendously hirsute as a devout interpreter of Rossini, singing an aria describing with savage self-satisfaction how he put the temperamental Madame Callas in her place.

Mr. Hugh Paddick, a remarkably self-effacing comedian for one who so often pulls something really funny out of the bag, is always putting in a blandly imperturbable appearance, but he is best served by the authors as a genteel B.B.C. commentator taking listeners over to Gomorrah in its last hours. Miss Miriam Karlin is freer than the rest to wander away from the theatrical parish pump, and she is particularly good as a suburban shop wife who can never resist the lure of a coloured packet, as an Austrian maid who watches her English mistress do all the work, and as a lady presiding over a fashionable elopement bureau. It is a quick-witted, cheerful evening.



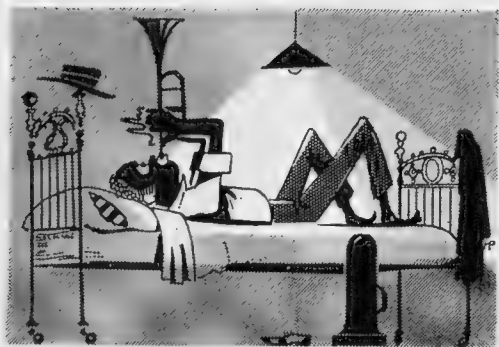
They're new on the London stage

Above: The princess of the 100 flowers, Mme. Yen Hui-Chu presenting the sword. This symbolic dance is one of the acts performed by the Classical Theatre of China at the Adelphi Theatre during their six-week season. This is the first Chinese company to perform in London since 1955, when the No. 1 Company was included in the Royal Variety Performance

F. J. Goodman



Right: Looking like a French Danny Kaye, Gerard Sety poses with his Eurasian wife Maguy in their flat at Sèvres, near Paris. He is the comedian who has made a hit in the Folies Bergère show at the Winter Garden with a unique patter-and-impersonation act



A NEW PARDNER FOR DON ('BUS STOP') MURRAY

RECORDS

Noises in the martini-mist

by GERALD LASCELLES

PROGRESS can so often lead one up the garden path to a secluded backwater from which there is no apparent escape. I dare to express this view in the context of the current rush of piano trios who expound their ideas to unreceptive ears in clubs throughout America. Through the martini-mist rises the plaintive voice of a piano, the penetrating thump of a hard-plucked bass, and the scratchy sounds of a snare drum played at minimum volume. There is nothing worse for most musicians than to know that they are not receiving some degree of audience attention. They retreat into their shells, lose inspiration, and seek no new ideas.

Billy Taylor, prolific in his recording activity today, has nothing new to add to the background piano he plays so well. British-born Marian McPartland, also on H.M.V., gets mixed up with a 'cello and harp to the detriment of her normally swinging piano music. For them, and a host of others trapped in the wheels of jazz and the necessity to play for a living, I see little future.

Ellington's music has featured in many recent long-playing releases. 'Teddy Charles' Trio picks out six of the best for his imaginative treatment on vibraphone, with Hall Overton and Oscar Pettiford backing him brilliantly on piano and bass. They are living examples of how to avoid the backwater where progress is extinguished. Another pianist, Dave Brubeck, chases an elusive theme in *Bru's Blues*, one of two recent E.P.s put out by Fontana, while their L.P. *Dave Digs Disney* is far better in concept. There is humour in the interpretation of these well-known pieces which is often lacking from the Brubeck repertoire.

Headlines were made in New York when Austrian concert-pianist Friedrich Gulda turned up one night in a local hot spot known as "Birdland." Since then he has successfully combined his dual career, of which this is his first jazz release in Britain. It proves his versatility, and shows that not the least of his musicianly accomplishments lies in the arrangements he produced for this album, where he is backed by a seven-piece band in modern vein. The results should only be viewed in relation to other pianists' achievements. I prefer the masterly ideas that used to flow from the fingers of the late Art Tatum, whose recent record combines music from several sessions between 1953 and 1956. All are gems, especially the groups he used in the closing months of his life. In these such fine musicians as Benny Carter, Roy Eldridge, Lionel Hampton, Harry Edison and Ben Webster matched their talents with his genius.

Selected Records

ART TATUM	12-in. L.P. £2 1 8½d.	Columbia 33CX10115
TEDDY CHARLES	Three For Duke	London LTZ-J15119
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
DAVE BRUBECK	Dave Digs Disney	Fontana TFL5017
	12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	
EARTHA KITT	That Bad Eartha	RCA RD27067
	12-in. L.P. £1 17 6½d.	
BILLY ECKSTINE	A Date With Rhythm	Parlophone GEP8672
	E.P. 11s. 1½d.	
EDDIE DAVIS	Lockjaw	Parlophone GEP8678
	E.P. 11s. 1½d.	



*In Don Murray's best-known film, Bus Stop
his co-star was Marilyn Monroe.*

*In his new film, Manhunt (reviewed
this week), he is once more a cowboy
but this time he is teamed with
Diane Varsi (above) of Peyton Place fame*

CINEMA

Brother Brynner on the steppes

by ELSPETH GRANT

I DO NOT SEE how anybody could film Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses* but Mr. Jerry Wald, producer of *Peyton Place* and *The Long Hot Summer*, told me the other day that he intends to do so. I consider this downright foolhardy of him, but I may be wrong. I did not think it possible that an even half-way acceptable film could be made of Dostoevsky's great, diffuse novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*—but I admit that Mr. Pandro S. Berman, the producer, and Mr. Richard Brooks, who is responsible for the screenplay and the direction, manage to persuade one that it was worth a try.

Ignoring the author's frequent and somewhat feverish digressions into mystical speculation and metaphysical fantasy, Mr. Brooks has concentrated on the coherent core of the story—the conflict between the debauched old Russian landowner and his sons, culminating in his murder and the arrest and trial of the eldest son on an unfounded charge of parricide. The result is a melodrama but the characters, though tipped of the essentially symbolical significance with which their creator endowed them, are largely recognizable.

The film opens explosively with a wildly gestic scene which firmly establishes Karamazov père (excellently played by Lee J. Cobb) as a drunken and licentious buffoon. He is hated by his eldest son, Dmitri (Mr. Yul Brynner), a violent, erratic fellow and a reckless gambler, for ever in need of money. The second son, Ivan (Mr. Richard Basehart), an atheist and an intellectual, despises their father. Alexey (Mr. William Shatner), the saintly youngest son, pities him.

Mr. Albert Salmi gives an impressively odious performance as Smerdyakov, the lackey who, Mr. Brooks boldly claims, is old Karamazov's bastard offspring, though Dostoevsky merely hints at the possibility. "In his childhood he was very fond of hanging cats and burying them with great ceremony," wrote Dostoevsky—and looking at Mr. Salmi one can well believe it.

The rôle of Grushenka, the earthy, wanton young woman who trifles with both Dmitri and his father, is played by Fraulein Maria Schell, an actress I have previously much admired, but who seems to be falling a prey to her own mannerisms: hand flies automatically to mouth to check a roguish laugh, and radiant smile now switches on and off as by electricity or clockwork. Miss Claire Bloom appears as Katya, the respectable miss in love with Dmitri and loved by Ivan. She is really too genteel to inspire or convey any emotion—even in the trial scene where, out of spite and jealousy, she backs up the circumstantial evidence against Dmitri by producing a damning letter he wrote to her in a drunken moment.

The happy ending is off-key, the dialogue sometimes a little hard to take, and the lighting—viridian for villainy, red for romance—tends to irritate. But it is a

sumptuous and painstaking production.

In Mr. J. Lee-Thompson's admirably directed *Ice-cold In Alex*, based on the novel by Mr. Christopher Landon and said to be founded on fact, the setting is North Africa, the year 1942. A British captain (Mr. John Mills), his sergeant-major (Mr. Harry Andrews) and two nurses (Misses Sylvia Syms and Diane Clare) are leaving Tobruk as the Germans advance. They are joined by a strapping South African officer (Mr. Anthony Quayle) who, when Miss Clare is

strained to snapping-point, Mr. Andrews, rugged and dogged, and Miss Syms, all tear-stained fortitude, contribute performances that I rate as equally unforgettable.

A good Western, especially in CinemaScope and Eastman Color is hard to beat—and *Manhunt* (formerly *Hell-bent Kid*), directed by Mr. Henry Hathaway, is a very good Western. Mr. Don Murray, mercifully far more subdued than he was in *Bus Stop*, is a decent young cowhand who doesn't hold with killing, but is all the same hunted through some of the most gorgeous scenery by a ferocious family who suspect him of having bumped off one of their relatives.

Mr. Chill Wills is good and bluff as a rancher who gives Mr. Murray sanctuary, and Miss Diane Varsi is neat and pretty as the girl who gives him her heart. And with Mr. Jay C. Flippen as a wily old trader, with hordes of Injuns and with lashings of



A NEW SUCCESS FOR J. LEE-THOMPSON

Harry Andrews, Sylvia Syms, John Mills and Anthony Quayle in Lee-Thompson's *Ice-cold In Alex*—"four unforgettable performances"

killed in an encounter with a German patrol, proves exceedingly useful: he persuades the Germans to let himself and the others continue in their rickety old ambulance.

During the long, difficult trek it gradually dawns upon the three British that the South African is a spy. He is a brave man, strong as an ox, and since he has endured every hardship with them and twice saved them from disaster, they risk their lives to rescue him when he falls into a sand bog—a nightmare sequence, equal to anything in *Wages Of Fear*. But he is a spy and their problem on arrival in Alexandria (to drink that glass of ice-cold beer to which the title refers) is whether or not to turn him over to the authorities to receive a spy's deserts.

I hope you will be as pleased as I was at the solution they hit on. I know you will find this a remarkably gripping film. Mr. Quayle, with his magnificent shoulders and a vile but authentic Afrikaans accent, dominates the picture—but Mr. Mills, nerves

spectacular gun fights, I really don't know what more you could want.

With *The High Cost Of Loving*, we are back in the *No Down Payment* country, where everybody is trying to keep up with the Joneses. Mr. Jose Ferrer is a minor business executive who is scared stiff of losing the job he has held for 15 years: everything he and his wife (Miss Gena Rowlands) possess, from their two cars to the latest electric egg-whisk, is being paid for on the hire-purchase system and they are therefore permanently on the verge of insolvency.

Mr. Ferrer's company is to be taken over by another. Invitations to a "get-together" luncheon are issued to "key personnel" whose services are presumably to be retained. You can imagine Mr. Ferrer's panic when he doesn't receive one. As a satire on the American way of life, the film doesn't quite come off—but it has its entertaining moments.

A new photograph of Siriol Hugh-Jones, taken by Barry Swaebe in her home in Pembroke Gardens, Kensington

BOOKS I AM READING

Oh, for some dear little SHORT novels!

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES



Barry Swaebe

MORE AND MORE I admire brevity in fiction, but longer and longer grow the novels. Maybe it is something to do with the influence of wall-to-wall films that cover oceans and jungles and hours and hours of time. Whatever the reason, giantism has spread to novels, and these giant novels in their turn will be adapted to make more giant films. Week by week I hope to find, for a change, some dear little short *novella*, economical and written with style, with just a few characters, the relevant detail, the important conversation, the minimum local colour. . . . Is there really no longer a market for any novel too light (I mean literally) to make your wrists ache after half an hour of holding it up? Miss Sagan seems to have made a good thing out of miniscule books, claiming that she likes them short because sustained typing gives her a pain in the neck. Jaundiced reviewers might say the same about reading, but that would seem unfriendly and prove that they were out of touch with the taste of the time.

On the jacket of Mary McMinnies' enormous novel *The Visitors* (Collins, 18s.), a lady with a green face and red nails is casting a glance of provocative languor at a mushroom. In fact, the book has an excellent

subject, which the author clearly knows at first-hand—the uneasy relationship between the unhappy permanent inhabitants of a provincial town in Poland, and the visitors,



Sonia Keppel has written in *Edwardian Daughter* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), the story of her childhood during the early 1900s. The photograph (above) is by Cecil Beaton

members of a British Mission, and foreign correspondents. The heroine, who draws a comparison between herself and Madame Bovary, is Milly, pretty and bored, with a nice husband, two children and a dotty sex-crazed nanny who finally runs very wild indeed. Milly becomes involved with local practices and sins in all kinds of ways, peddling goods from the Naafi and finally bringing about her husband's downfall.

It might have made a fine, hard, taut book—but, in spite of Mrs. McMinnies' sharp brightness and indefatigable powers of observation, it has, for me at least, the softness of trifle-and-cream, in very large helpings. Milly is nowhere near as interesting as the book's background. And the colourful characters and incidents and conversations so swarm at you (one party alone, with interludes, goes on for some twenty pages) that claustrophobia sets in very early. It is as though an enormous tap were turned on in the first paragraph, and nothing will stop the bubbling, furious, relentless flow.

Two more fluent ladies this week. The first, Edna Ferber, is well known for her colossal landscapes. On the jacket her publishers make no attempt to summarize the plot, and who shall blame them, but

simply state "author of *Giant*, etc., etc." in a winded sort of way. **Ice Palace** (Gollancz, 16s.), is all about Alaska, or as much as I ever want to know, and the heroine is a magnificent girl with black eyes and golden hair called Christine Storm who lives in a log shanty in Baranof, was born in a gutted caribou and brought up by her two battling old grampas who date from the gold-rush and are crazy about Alaska. Then there's old Bridie Ballantyne who wears a garnet velvet hat in the Alaska winter and she brought up Chris too, and there is the ice palace itself which is an enormous apartment block, and Ross and Ott and Bay and the Eskimos and 350 pages of close print. If you're built in the heroic mould, you'll wish there were 351. Miss Ferber once wrote a novel that was called *So Big*. Why does none of our timid local novelists come up one of these days with a panoramic view of, say, so-small Warwickshire, grandpas, rolling orchards and all?

Betty Smith's **Maggie-Now** (Heinemann, 60s.), has a super-glossy jacket and 438 pages. Not for nothing do they call women the stronger sex. This is a homely, quaint, lovable, laughter-and-tears novel about turn-of-the-century Brooklyn, and in particular Irish-born Maggie who brought up her little mother and married a wanderer. He left home whenever the Chinook blew and never gave her any children so she foster-mothered orphans. It is good clean, sugary, folksy stuff, and why patient Maggie-Now didn't hit everyone in sight with a rolling-pin and move somewhere else . . . but then, she loved them.

I have also read . . . **Peace in Piccadilly** (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.), an adorable book about Albany and its inhabitants, from Byron and Monk Lewis and Jane Austen's favourite brother to the fabulous Mr. Stone, who used to ride his Arab in Rotten Row and is now 100 years old. . . . **The Young Caesar** (Collins, 16s.), by Rex Warner, tremendously distinguished, frostily, elegantly written in Caesar's own style and in the fashionable first person singular, and perhaps a little too icy and remote for people who, like myself, have never quite got over the irresistible charmer who was Thornton Wilder's romantic Caesar in *The Ides of March* . . . and **The Wisdom of Confucius** (Michael Joseph, 21s.), translated, edited and introduced by Lin Yutang. It is enchanting and magical, never mind the fact that I can't understand it. "Confucius did not talk about monsters, physical exploits, unruly conduct and the heavenly spirits. . . . During thunderstorms, his face always changed colour." "Confucius said 'Reading without thinking gives one a disorderly mind, and thinking without reading makes one flighty.'" I give Confucius my heart, and next week, having no chance at all to be flighty with publishers working the way they do, I shall attempt to correct any latent disorderliness in my disposition.

I liked these

Titles from recent reviews:

THEY CAME TO CORDUBA, by Glendon Swarthout (Heinemann, 15s.); MADELEINE, by Catherine Gavin (Macmillan, 16s.); THE VIRGIN OF ALDERMANBURY, by Mrs. Robert Henry (Dent, 20s.); THE REASON WHY, by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Penguin, 2s. 6d.); MY DEAREST LOUISE, edited by Baron Palmstierna (Methuen, 25s.).

Engagements



Yevonds

Miss Sonja Walker to Mr. John Talbot

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Roger Walker, The Street, Heath Charnock, Lancashire. He is the son of Mr. J. A. C. Talbot, Gloucester Place Mews, London, & Mrs. Talbot, Park Cottage, Crawley Down, Sussex



Yevonds

Miss Susan Myrtle Whitaker to Mr. Simon Claude Ashton

She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. L. I. T. Whitaker, Land of Nod, Headley, Bordon, Hampshire. He is the younger son of the late Mr. & Mrs. C. T. Ashton

Miss Caroline Georgina Scott to Mr. Peter W. F. Arkwright

She is the daughter of Cdr. & Mrs. G. T. A. Scott, Studwell Lodge, Droxford, Hants. He is the younger son of the late Lt.-Col. F. G. B. Arkwright, & Mrs. E. F. Gosling, Windrush House, Inkpen, Berkshire



Lenare

Miss Caroline Rosemary Butler to Capt. Richard C. Keightley

She is the daughter of Col. Sir Thomas & Lady Butler, of Ballin Temple, Co. Carlow, and 6 Thurlow Square, London. He is the eldest son of General Sir Charles & Lady Keightley, of Gibraltar



Desmond Groves

Miss Valerie Higson to Mr. John Carrington

She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. F. Higson, Hartford, Cheshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. F. N. Carrington, of Hatch End, Middlesex



Lenare



FOR LOUNGING on the terrace, tapered cream linen slacks topped with a cream cotton-jersey shirt edged with beige (*right*); antelope suede sandals which are made to order, from The Bazaar, 100 Road, Chelsea. Prices: £4 19s. 6d., £3 17s. 6d., and £2 7s. 6d. respectively.

In the evening, a cocktail dress (*left*) in a brown and gold pattern. It has a fluted and permanently pleated skirt, and its own matching petticoat. By Claude Riviere, Harrods. Price: 24 gns., worn with brown and topaz beads from P. House.

Details of the suitcases over



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE

About the settings: *Lila Kapoor* (left) and her husband *Shiv* own one of England's newest and most revolutionary houses, "Gurjveer" at Virginia Water. Sun enters its one large living-room (with walls mostly of glass) from every angle. Even the lily pond penetrates into the room under a sheet of plate glass, for the house was designed by *Martin E. Hayter, A.R.I.B.A.*, on the principle of bringing the outdoors indoors. A well in the centre, upholstered with thick carpeting, provides the seating space. Heating throughout is below the polished wooden flooring.

Travelling light

All the clothes shown here and on the following pages were packed into a single suitcase and a matching traincase





Four into two

(suit, blouse, dress, topcoat)

goes once

— and then some



For wearing on arrival, or for travelling, a dress (*above*) and topcoat (*right*). The dress (by Corvette), sleeveless with a blouson top, is in yellow Dorlinic—a fine linen-type cloth. It is available at Morel, 42, Curzon Street. Price: 8 gns. The coat is in an old-gold wool hopsack and is lined throughout with russet-brown taffeta. Made-to-measure by Janet West of Brook Street, W.1. Price: about 32 gns. The cases, by Revelation, consist of a woven fibreglass suitcase measuring 28 in. across (£8 5s.) and a matching traincase (£5 10s.)



Michel Molinero

A straight-skirted suit for insurance against the uncertain summer. This one is in apricot tweed, with a white silk blouse spotted with apricot. From the Hardy Amies Boutique. Prices : 32 gns. the suit, 10½ gns. the blouse

There's room for these, too

—they all go in the same suitcases





Above: Again the cream linen trousers (from The Bazaar, King's Road, Chelsea), worn here with a drip-dry cotton shirt in a beige and brown hound's-tooth check, price £2 8s. 6d., and the brown leather belt, £2 18s.

Opposite: Packing into the minimum of space, a negligée in opaque nylon, lavishly trimmed with lace. Worn with its matching nightgown in nylon jersey. Here in apricot, but also obtainable in white. The negligée costs £10 15s. 6d., the nightgown £6 18s. 6d. at Liberty's, Regent Street

Right: For tennis, the shortest of skirts and a sleeveless jacket, based on the army bush-jacket. Made in a cream jersey sharkskin, they cost (together) 7½ gns. The V-necked long-line cardigan in heavy-knit Orlon costs 5 gns. All from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge—the tennis racket, too



Michel Molinare

Double your money

An evening dress and coat that lo

TO FIND an inexpensive evening dress that really does look as if it had cost twice as much, is only possible by clever buying and cooperation of a far-sighted manufacturer. Harvey Nichols' Little Shop, in conjunction with Roecliff & Chapman of Grosvenor Street, are selling the evening dress and coat on these pages for 15 gns. and 12 gns. respectively. The strapless sheath dress is of white silk woven with a fine gold thread; is lined throughout and has a boned bodice. The full-length flame-coloured evening coat is made of moiré, is unlined and has long scarf ends which can be tied into a huge bow



To compliment a beautiful woman in a lovely dress, couturier Pierre Balmain's perfume "Jolie Madame" at leading stores, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., 39s.; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 68s.; and 1 oz., 5 gns.

Photographs by
Peter Alexander



though they cost twice as much

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





This dramatic salad-bowl, the "Eggshell," is hand-carved from a single piece of apple-wood by B. B. Branson. At £27, it is a tablepiece for a lifetime. Fortnum & Mason

SHOPPING

For touches of luxury

by JEAN STEELE



Pieces from a tea-set in Shelley bone china (£18 7s. 6d.) called Golden Harvest. The wheat sheaf motif in gold is laid on a cream background. From most leading stores



Above: An espresso coffee machine that foams the milk like the big ones in the coffee bars. Called the Atomic, it makes 2 pints of white coffee (£7 10s.). Leading stores



Left: Tray tables from Marshall & Snelgrove (£5 5s.), have flower prints in various colours. The tray can be used separately



Right: Two-colour smoky-shade Orrefors crystal vases from Sweden. Wine bottle shape (£7 7s. 3d.) and tumbler shapes (large £6 12s. 6d., small £3 13s. 9d.). Magnolia spray (£3 15s.). Marshall & Snelgrove



BEAUTY

Firm ways with a face

by JEAN CLELAND

BEAUTY firms and salons are reacting to summer sunshine with a burst of information calculated to help us glow in all conditions: sun, salt water, or anything else we may encounter both during and after the holiday season. There are new ways for keeping the looks cool, the skin smooth, and the legs well groomed, and since most of us are likely to meet one or more of these problems, here are some of the latest ways of dealing with them.

From America comes an entirely new product for beautifying the skin and firming the contours at the same time. It is specially welcome now when, owing to the heat, the pores become relaxed, and the skin is apt to look flabby. The product made by Dorothy Gray and called "Outline" is said to have a revitalizing effect on the tissues, and to firm the skin's texture. It gives a lift to the whole face, and does improve the outline. Like most good beauty preparations, however, it does not work miracles all on its own. It must be used regularly for a time and used correctly.

After cleansing and toning the skin, "Outline," which comes in an attractive frosted bottle, should be massaged in with firm lifting strokes. The massage should go from the base of the neck up to the jaw-line, and then from the chin up and out to the temples. The makers say that the more time you spend on the massage, the more good it will do, but the least time to achieve a good effect is five minutes in the morning, and another five minutes at night. If, after a hot day, your looks seem to be sagging a little,

I suggest that you try this treatment for a pick-me-up.

A complexion that is dry normally, tends to become even more so during the summer, when the natural oils are dried out by the sun. This presents a special problem to those who prefer washing their faces with soap and water to using a cleansing cream. Will this make their complexions drier? The answer depends largely on the soap, which must be chosen with the greatest care. Goya's beauty soap is a good buy, because it contains a form of night food or enricher, which is beneficial to the skin. It has an attractive perfume, and can now be had in single tablet cartons.

A non-drying compact make-up is good news, especially when it is sufficiently inexpensive to attract teenagers, whose young skins need gentle and careful treatment. Such a one, named "Wonder Puff," has just been put on to the market by Jane Seymour. The beauty of it is that in addition to the finest powder it contains a nourishing cream to feed the skin. It can be had in six attractive colours, from pale rose or pale cream to a really lovely sun tan to go with a bronzed skin.

So many people have difficulty with breaking nails during the summer that this is a good moment for Allcock Products to bring out their new presentation of "Nailoid." It now comes in a large treatment size. There is also a convenient feather-light handbag pack, with a quick to use pull-off cap. Used regularly, "Nailoid" really does strengthen the nails, and helps them to stop breaking. The best way to apply it is on a

piece of cotton wool wound round an orange stick. "Nailoid" should be used liberally twice a week, all round and underneath the cuticles and nail tips, and left on all night. Do this for a month, and I will be surprised if you do not notice a great improvement in the condition of your nails.

Another problem which has been solved, is one concerning mascara. While the majority of women these days are in favour of accenting the eyes by darkening the lashes, the question of colour presents a difficulty. Some find black too heavy. This can be overcome by using one of the many subtle shades that are so becoming. Even so, these do not appeal to all, and the question then arises "if not black, then what?" The answer is a new shade created by Arcaneil called "Telecolor Black." This is much softer than black, and could best be described as a dark grey. It is so subtly attractive that it suits all colourings. Incidentally, the Arcaneil mascara formula has been improved to give greater sheen and faster colours than ever before.

Bronnley's have just brought out something for men which they say will make their hair "stand on end." This is a pre-shave lotion for the growing number who use an electric razor. Bronnley's "Pre-Shave Lotion" cleanses the face of all grease, and is particularly good during the summer when the skin is apt to perspire. The spirit in the lotion closes the pores and, so I am told, literally makes the hair stand on end. It can be had at all good chemists and stores.



"Roman shingle," a youthful style with a flavour of Clara Bow and the 1920s. It is by Richard Henry and uses a new wave cut

The new Majestic saloon has a sleeker look but retains the old fluted front



MOTORING

Nothing funereal about the Majestic

by GORDON WILKINS

SINCE the acrimonious exchanges that resulted in Mr. John Y. Sangster replacing Sir Bernard Docker as chairman two years ago the Daimler Company has tried to stay out of the news. But there has been much reorganization. The range of products and the number of employees have been reduced, and when I was at the Coventry works a few days ago there was a long column of the new Majestic chassis on one assembly line. This saloon is developed from the One-O-Four, which I thought a pleasant car for long-distance travel, and which continues in production. Redesign of wings and doors has produced a car of sleeker appearance with much more internal width which makes it a genuine six-seater. The bigger engine should give it a maximum speed of over 100 m.p.h. and it is safely stopped by disk brakes with vacuum-servo assistance. It is the only car I ever heard of where the adoption of automatic transmission has permitted a reduction in the size of the hump in the front floor, because the fluid torque-converter in the Borg-Warner transmission has a smaller diameter than the flywheel and fluid clutch used on the One-O-Four. Incidentally there is a control which holds Intermediate gear in operation and prevents unwanted changes into top, which can be an invaluable aid in heavy traffic, on winding roads or in the mountains.

Daimler's are still producing the big 4½-litre DK 400 7-passenger limousine and the firm retains its position as one of the big three in world double-decker bus production. They are also building armoured scout-cars for the N.A.T.O. forces.

One of the biggest buyers of limousines is the Co-op, which uses them for its funeral services. The vast American Hertz corporation which now controls Daimler Hire has shipped one to New York. Now that the vast, finny American cars are lower-built and have less headroom than many small European family cars, there might be a place in New York for a big car which offers vast doors, with headroom for the formal top-hat or ceremonial headdress.

The highly publicised battle for control in 1956 was not a unique occurrence in the history of Daimlers. The company has its origins in the Daimler Motor Syndicate formed by F. R. Simms in 1893, three years before motor vehicles could be used freely on British roads. The object was to exploit the engine patents of the great German

pioneer Gottlieb Daimler and people on the Continent often wonder what is the connection between the Daimler Company, Ltd., and Daimler-Benz who build Mercedes-Benz vehicles. There is none and there has never been any. Daimler's name appeared as a director on the prospectus of the Daimler Motor Co. Ltd. when it was formed in 1896, but he never attended a meeting and soon withdrew.

The original syndicate was bought out by a group including H. J. Lawson, a brilliant company promoter who hoped to corner the whole of the infant British motor industry. The Stock Exchange Gazette, obviously working under a more liberal interpretation of the libel laws than that under which the press works today, commented bluntly "*the fact that Mr. H. J. Lawson is the controlling Spirit is a very bad omen for the company and augurs a speedy acquaintance with the bankruptcy Court. . . .*"

The predicted financial difficulties soon materialized. A committee of investigation reported in scathing terms, four of the original directors retired, and two-thirds of the employees were dismissed.

Yet by 1910 the company was making a £100,000-a-year profit. The reputation of the cars was established by a fine performance in the Thousand Miles Trial of 1900 and soon afterwards King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, chose a Daimler as his first car. The merger with B.S.A. was in 1910 and Lanchester was absorbed in 1931, a year after the company had begun its pioneer contribution to easy driving by adopting the fluid clutch and self-changing gearbox.

But in recent years there have not been many profits apart from a brief period when the Daimler Conquest was selling well and the new management will presumably insist that the company either goes forward or gets out of the motor industry. With the right cars, it should be better equipped than some of its rivals in the coming battle for survival. Since it bought Carbodies it has its own press shops and body works capable of building all-steel bodies in quantities, and the new presses ordered for production of the ill-conceived Lanchester Sprite, which was so wisely abandoned, will be invaluable for the production of something more saleable.

Mr. Edward Turner, the famous motorcycle designer who is now managing director of the B.S.A. group and a director of Daimler, makes no secret that he is attracted by the idea of a high-efficiency V8 pushrod engine of 2½ litres capable of running up to 6,000 r.p.m. and producing about 165 horsepower in production form. If his views are endorsed by his fellow directors it could open up some exciting prospects.

Diesel exhausts

The suggestions and comments made by Prince Philip as President of the Automobile Association usually show a lively and original approach to road problems, but I was sorry to see him reviving that old one about taking the exhausts of diesel vehicles upwards instead of sideways. The French do it and the results can be appalling as one can see any time it is necessary to follow a French diesel truck up a hill. The heavy black smoke simply spills out of the exhaust pipe and falls to the ground. Following one in an open car becomes a suffocating ordeal; you fight for breath, your head and shoulders anointed with sooty smoke. Give me the conventional pipe which throws the fumes out round your feet. With luck they will stay there, except in heavy traffic jams.



FLYING MILES

Many a British tourist, hurrying to catch the night car ferry from Dunkirk to Dover has experienced a sinking feeling as he saw the signpost pictured here, telling him he still had 103 miles to go when he thought he was much nearer to the coast. Then after half an hour, driving as fast as he could go, he would see another signpost showing that he had apparently achieved some fantastic average speed and was back on schedule. Of course the first signpost, which stood at the junction of N1 and N28, north of Abbeville, where the roads for Boulogne and Dunkirk part company was wrong; badly wrong. It has recently been replaced by one giving the correct distance to Dunkirk, which is 122 km. or 76 miles.

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MANHATTAN'S SKYLINE was the décor for the top table at the Southsea banquet described by Isaac Bickerstaff below. Behind the silver cup is Mr. Arthur Crick, with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth, Councillor & Mrs. Asquith-Leeson, on either side of him

DINING OUT

With a hey and a ho!

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

GRAVETYE MANOR, in Sussex, had not long been opened as an hotel when I visited it recently. It is a magnificent specimen of a genuine Elizabethan manor, and was for many years the home of the famous Victorian garden-planner William Robinson. The directors of the Gore Hotel in Queen's Gate, who are responsible for its conversion, have for a long time made a success of their Elizabethan Room at the Gore. Here, in the evenings, is served authentic Elizabethan food such as swan, peacock, boars' heads and the like. You drink soup out of wooden bowls, eat off wooden boards, scrape your leavings into bins, eat with your fingers if you are so inclined, and throw the bones over your shoulder on to the rush-strewn floor. You drink tankards of old ale and bowls of mead and as much mulled claret as you can absorb. You are served by buxom and gay waitresses in period costume, and a minstrel serenades. There is nothing to stop you from singing his ancient ballads with him, or at least the choruses, and the serving wenches all join in.

Who therefore could be more suitable to take over Gravetye Manor, which stands five miles from East Grinstead in 30 acres of its own land, a sort of horticultural paradise. The best way to get there from London is as follows: When seven miles past Godstone on the Eastbourne Road turn right on B2028 marked to Turner's Hill; beyond Turner's Hill on the main road take the first fork left to West Hoathly and almost immediately turn left on to the East Grinstead road, the entrance to Gravetye being approximately one mile farther, and on your right.

They intend that the cuisine shall be of the highest standards, and have a first-class chef. The wine list is the same as they have at the Gore Hotel, which they boast is the largest in Europe, with over 600 different wines.

One easily gets into the habit of thinking that only in London is one likely to find a really smart banquet and ball with everything done "regardless," including original and remarkable décor. But there are many exceptions, and one of them was at Southsea, where the Southern Licensed Residential Hotels and Restaurants Association gave their fourth annual banquet and ball at Kimbells Ballroom.

Immense trouble had been taken to make this an outstanding success. The décor was fabulous, representing as it did the view from the Starlight roof garden restaurant of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, a wonderful spectacle of Manhattan by night, which had been designed and created by Major Charles Manardi, A.C.C.

The menu consisted of avocado pear with prawns; kangaroo tail soup; poached turbot with mousseline sauce; *Le Suprême de Volaille* *Nouvells Orléans*, which is wing of chicken, American-style, corn-on-

the-cob and broccoli spears; and honeycomb gâteau. The wines: Sherry; Liebfraumilch Hanns Christof Wein 1955; Beaune Supérieur "Clos du Couvent" 1949; and Lanson Extra Quality Black Label Champagne.

To prepare, cook and serve this meal were *maître chef de cuisine* Leonard Penrose, five *chefs de partie*, nine cooks and apprentices, 16 other kitchen staff, and 80 waiters and waitresses. If this wasn't enough, trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards blew ceremonial fanfares from time to time.

Arthur Crick, managing director of Queen's Hotel, Southsea, and president of the society, was in the chair, Councillor and Mrs. Asquith-Leeson, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth, being his chief guests. I first met Mr. Crick when he was president of the Réunion des Gastronomes for 1949 and 1950.

A vintage guide-book

When I received a book called *The French Vineyards* by Denis Morris (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.) I could not refrain from a sigh and the thought "Heaven help us, here's another book on wine," to add to the 67 already in my possession. But I did it wrong. Halfway through the first chapter I was beginning to wish I had written it myself, because it dealt with the parts of France I love best, places where I have been happy, and many people whom I know.

It is almost as much a travel guide as a book on wine. It mentions hotels and restaurants which I know from personal experience to be well worth a visit, and is written with feeling and style, both well illustrated by this paragraph taken from the chapter on Burgundy when talking about a small hotel which did not please the author: "Some day someone will write the story of a small hotel—not the grand Babylon type . . . but a tale of struggle and sweat; of ever-changing direction always on the make; of the fears and worries of the staff; of high life below stairs and low life above; of cooking and cuddling; of love freely given and jobs dearly bought . . . of creatures of all colours, creeds and make-believe, who for one day and age can call that place their home."

I do, however, quarrel with a paragraph in which, referring to Alexis Lichine, he says: "He has a tremendous contempt for the chi-chi type of writer—those who write about the unobtainable drink they may have consumed in the company of unwanted people, and who use secondhand phrases about them. He thinks that vineyards are the places to find out about wines, not dinner parties or other people's cellars."

This is nonsense. If the only way to learn about wine is by visiting the vineyards, there are hundreds of thousands of people who will never know anything about it at all, and I can see little difference between taking a fine wine in the cellars of a London wine merchant or in the cellars of a French wine grower.

It is Mr. Morris's good fortune that he was able to spend a summer going through the vineyards, but there is no need to scorn those who lack the opportunity and have to get their knowledge from books.





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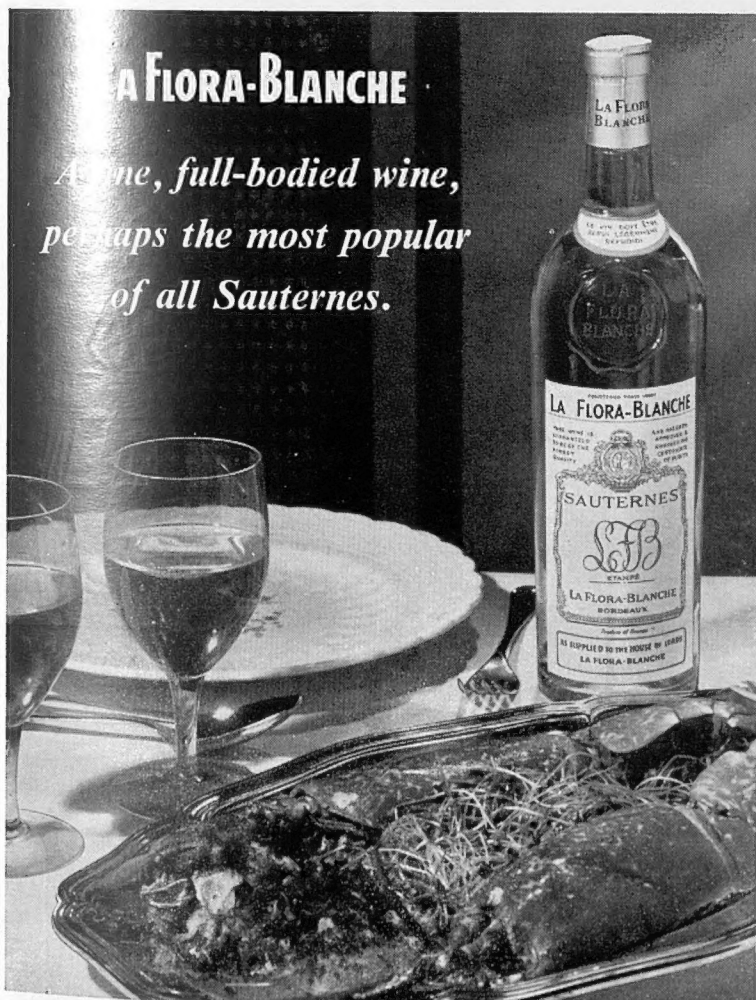
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DINING IN

Sweet peas for summer meals

by HELEN BURKE

PEA pods, owing to the moist weather we have had, are very full. Frankly, however, I hardly ever enthuse about the first small-pod varieties, but look forward to the later Yorkshire Blues and hope that they will be gathered young enough so that not even the babies of the *petits pois* of France could be better.

Authorities do not agree on how to cook peas. This was my mother's method: use a little boiling water with a good pinch or two of sugar in it, then salt to taste about two-thirds of the way through the cooking. Salt, if used at the beginning, would toughen the skins. "Do not boil them hard," she always said, "for that would boil them *hard*!"

Even if you get perfect peas, it is a simple matter to spoil them before they are cooked. They should not be shelled until just before they are required because they harden as you look at them. If they are kept in water or wrapped in a damp cloth, they soon take on an aroma which one would never believe possible of such perfect specimens. If peas must be shelled a little in advance, pop them into a plastic bag and close the end with an elastic band. They will then lose less of their quality.

Cooking time depends on their age and this can be determined only by eating a raw pea. Young peas need no more than 15 minutes' simmering. When you add the salt, put in a bruised sprig or two of mint so that the flavour is infused. Do try mint butter. This is made by creaming butter and adding to it as much finely chopped fresh mint as you wish. Drain the cooked peas and dot them with small pieces of the butter. Add also, if you like, a few drops of lemon juice. Shake the peas gently over a very low heat to melt the butter. Turn at once into a heated serving dish.

If you are unlucky enough to get peas which are a little too aged, add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the water. While it may lessen the peas' dietetic value, they will look and taste better. Never use soda with tender peas.

The French like lettuce and small whole onions cooked with peas. For 4 persons, put into a small pot 2 teacups shelled young peas, 12 small silver onions (or the equivalent in the white parts of spring onions), several shredded leaves of lettuce (or the quartered heart of one), a sprig of parsley, a pinch of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and about a teacup of boiling water. Cover tightly and cook gently for 25 to 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, work together a scant teaspoon of flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. Crumble the mixture into the vegetables, shaking, not stirring, the pan. When the remaining liquid reboils, dish up and serve.

Peas and carrots are a wonderful combination. If the carrots are really tiny, cover 12 to 14 of them with water and add 2 teaspoons sugar, a good pinch or so of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter. Cover and cook until the liquid has evaporated. Boil the shelled peas. Drain and add to the carrots, together with another $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or so of butter. Shake them together, because stirring would damage both vegetables.

With a cream sauce, this dish becomes Creamed Carrots and Peas. Cook the carrots and peas as above. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and simmer a teaspoon of flour in it, without colouring. Away from the heat, stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk and a few grains of grated nutmeg. Return to the heat and simmer for a few minutes to thicken and reduce the sauce. Finally, add 2 to 3 tablespoons of double cream and heat through. Turn the carrots and peas into the sauce and serve.



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